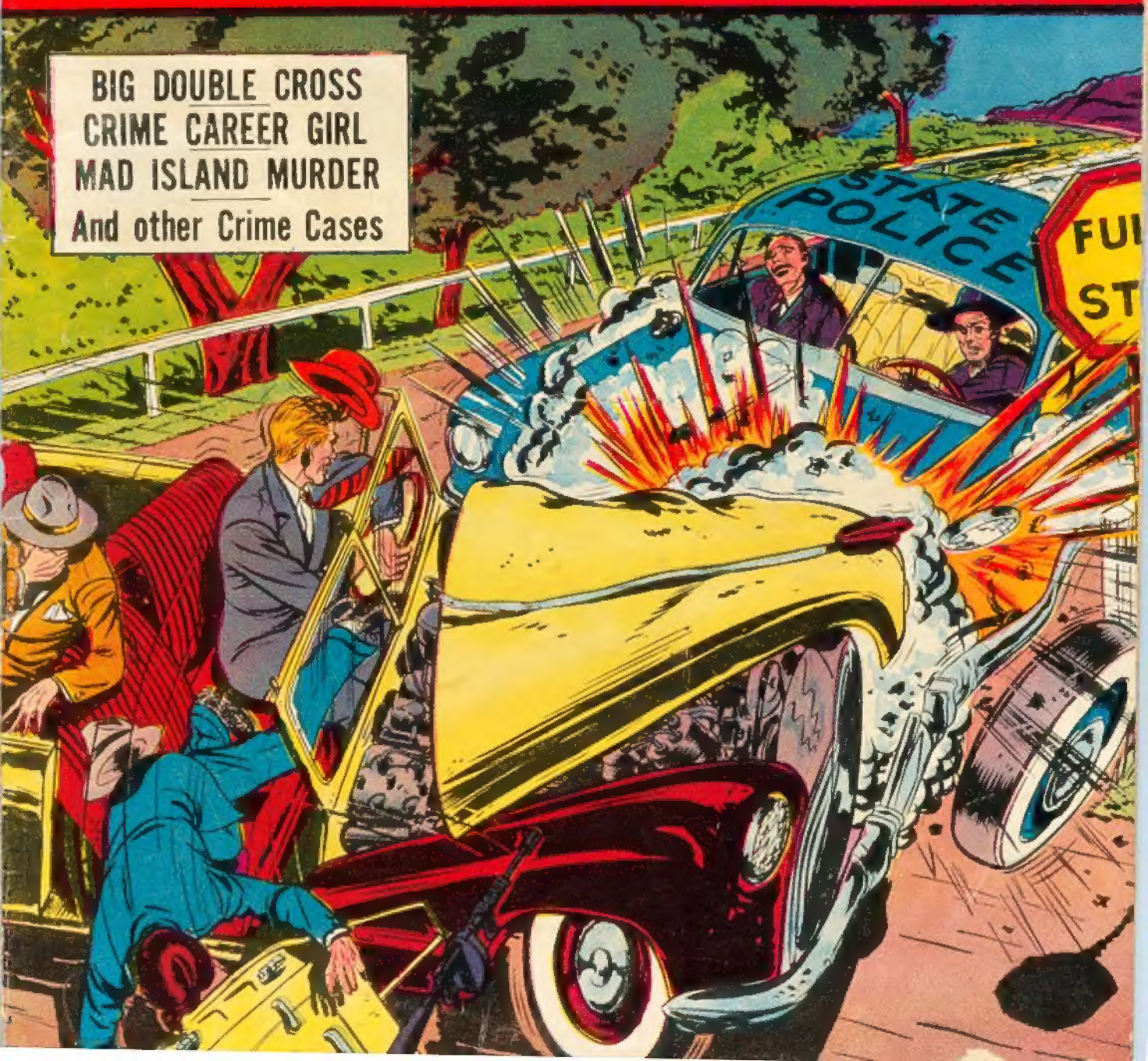
CRIME AND JUSTICE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

NO. 2
10¢

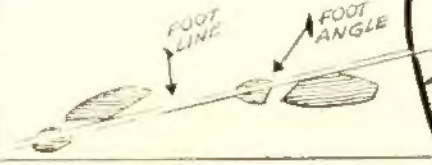
BIG DOUBLE CROSS
CRIME CAREER GIRL
MAD ISLAND MURDER
And other Crime Cases



DETECTION-ators!

"STEPS-AHEAD!"

ON OR NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME A PERSONS FOOTPRINTS OFTEN MAKE IDENTIFICATION POSSIBLE. A SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR, BESIDES DEALING WITH MINUTE DETAILS, MUST BE ABLE TO INTERPRET EVERY-DAY FACTS. AN INDIVIDUAL'S FOOTPRINTS, *"THE WALKING PICTURE"* OFFERS AN IMPORTANT CLUE. A DETECTIVE MUST OBSERVE PRINTS, AND TELL BY OBSERVING THESE WHETHER A MAN WAS WALKING RAPIDLY, WALKING SLOWLY, RUNNING SLOWLY, RUNNING RAPIDLY, WHETHER A MAN WAS BOW-LEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED, AND TO JUDGE THE WEIGHT OF THE PERSON.

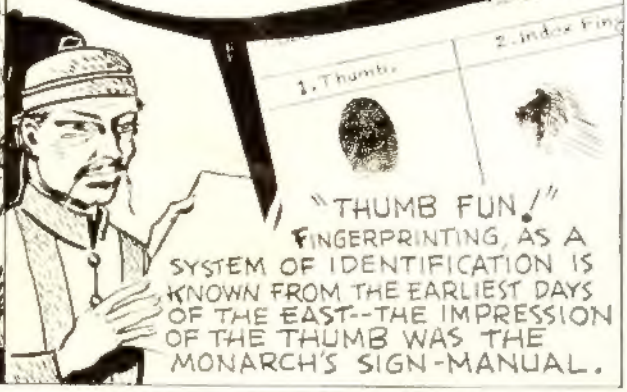


CRIME CLUES!

DUST PARTICLES FROM CLOTHING OR SHOES, WHEN PLACED UNDER A SPECTOGRAPH HAVE CONCLUSIVELY PROVED THE PRESENCE OF A SUSPECT AT A CRIME SCENE.

DURING A RECENT TEST MADE BY A NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST TO DETERMINE HOW RELIABLE EYE-WITNESS DESCRIPTIONS REALLY ARE, FROM 2,000 PERSONS QUESTIONED IT WAS FOUND THAT THE PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUSLY ADD AS MUCH AS FIVE INCHES ESTIMATING A PERSON'S HEIGHT AND OFTEN MAKE HIM HEAVIER OR ADD AS MUCH AS EIGHT YEARS TO HIS AGE.

GUNS WHICH MURDER OR ROBBERY SUSPECTS CLAIMED HAD NOT BEEN FIRED FOR MONTHS HAVE BEEN SHOWN BY CHEMICAL ANALYSIS TO HAVE BEEN USED AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE CRIME.



"THUMB FUN!" FINGERPRINTING, AS A SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION IS KNOWN FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF THE EAST--THE IMPRESSION OF THE THUMB WAS THE MONARCH'S SIGN-MANUAL.

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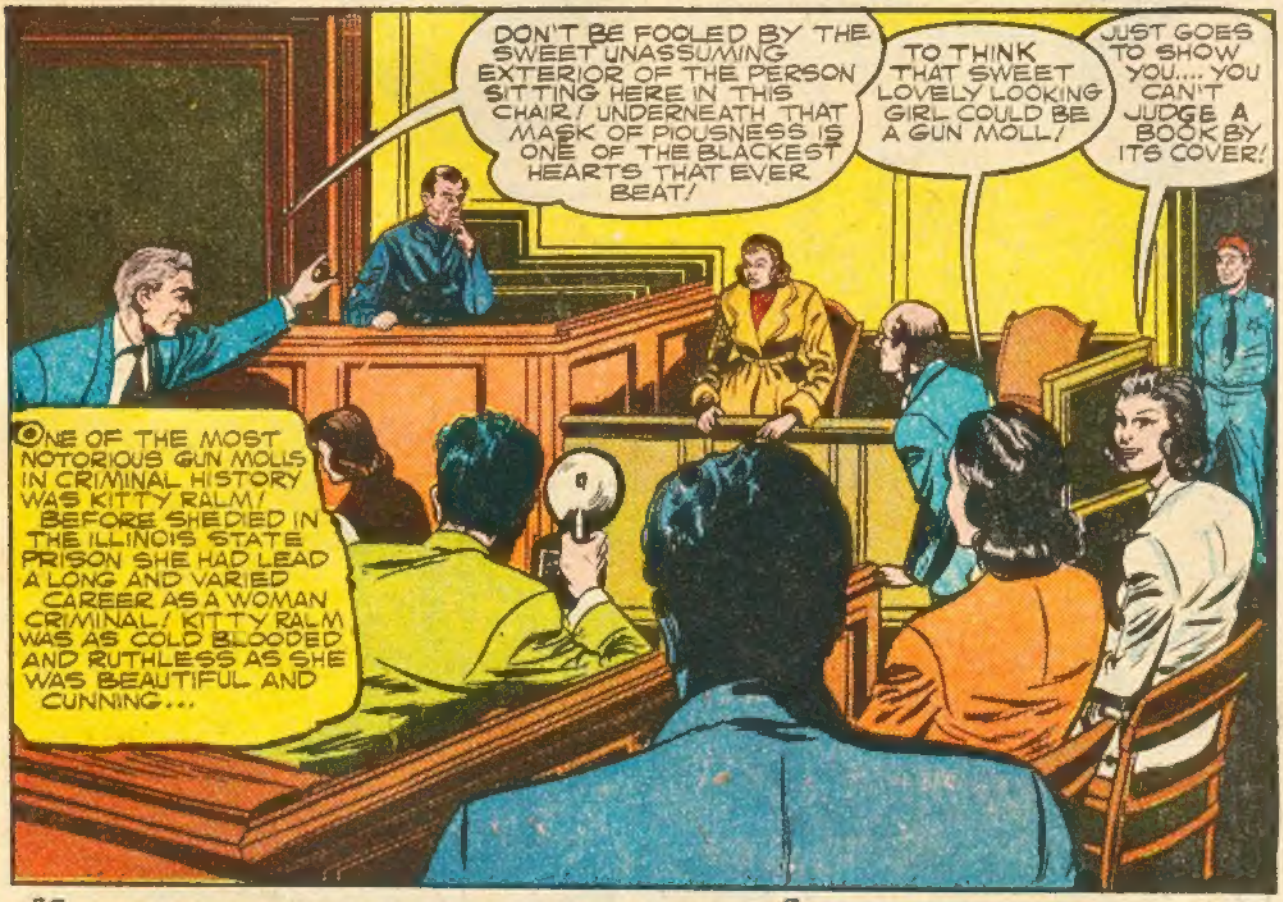
CAREER GIRL IN CRIME

THE TRUE STORY OF KITTY RALM


DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE SWEET UNASSUMING EXTERIOR OF THE PERSON SITTING HERE IN THIS CHAIR! UNDERNEATH THAT MASK OF PIOUSNESS IS ONE OF THE BLACKEST HEARTS THAT EVER BEAT!
TO THINK THAT SWEET LOVELY LOOKING GIRL COULD BE A GUN MOLL!
JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU.... YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER!
ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS GUN MOLLS IN CRIMINAL HISTORY WAS KITTY RALM! BEFORE SHE DIED IN THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON SHE HAD LEAD A LONG AND VARIED CAREER AS A WOMAN CRIMINAL! KITTY RALM WAS AS COLD BLOODED AND RUTHLESS AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL AND CUNNING...

KITTY'S CAREER IN CRIME BEGAN WHEN SHE WAS WORKING AS A NIGHT CLUB WAITRESS IN CHICAGO...

IF YOU WANT TO WAIT, I'LL WALK YOU HOME, KITTY, IT'S AFTER THREE A.M.!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PHIL! I'M ONE GIRL WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!

A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

YOU PICKED ON THE WRONG CHICK THIS TIME, ONION HEAD! THIS LITTLE GIRL IS A GUN MOLL!
HUH? I DIDN'T MEAN NUTHIN!
HERE, TAKE MY WALLET I'LL GO WAY AND WON'T BOTHER YOU!
HUH?
A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY BUCKS! HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? I'M GOING TO GET A REAL GUN!
IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, KITTY BECAME VERY PROFICIENT IN HER NEW TRADE...
REACH, BROTHER! I WANT YOUR WALLET!
WHAT TH? WHY YOU'RE JUST A GIRL!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT GIRL STUFF. YOUR WALLET, OR THIS ROD WILL SQUIRT LEAD!
OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE IT!
IT WAS A STRANGE TWIST, BUT THE STREETS OF CHICAGO SUDDENLY BECAME UNSAFE FOR SINGLE MEN TO TRAVEL ON AT NIGHT....
WE CAN'T GET A LINE ON HER! WE CAN'T PICK UP EVERY GIRL ON THE STREET AS A HOLD-UP SUSPECT!
IF WE DON'T, SOME DAY THAT GUN'S GOING TO GO OFF!
THIS STUFF IS PEANUTS! I'VE GOT TO GET A PARTNER.. A MAN.... AND HIT THE BIG TIME!
2

SOON AFTER, KITTY FELL IN WITH TONY WELLS, AN EX-CONVICT AND BANK ROBBER...
NOW GET IT STRAIGHT/ I PLAN THE JOBS AND GIVE THE ORDERS!
YOU'RE THE BOSS, KITTY. WITH YOUR NERVE WE ARE GOOD FOR A FORTUNE!
A SERIES OF STICK-UPS/.. THEN.....
NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN HERE, MAR'M!
THIS GUN'S MY PASS, MISTER/ GIVE ME THAT DOUGH!
YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE.. ... A-A-AH!
I SAID GIVE ME THAT DOUGH!
KITTY, ARE YOU CRAZY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN?
SHUT UP AND GET THAT DOUGH OUT OF THERE!
OKAY, OKAY! DON'T GET EXCITED!
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A GOOD SET OF PRINTS IN THE SAFE/
YEAH/ THEY BELONG TO AN EX-CONVICT. HIS NAME IS TONY WELLS!
SEND OUT A PICK-UP ON HIM, HE'S GOING TO BURN!
THAT IDIOT/ THAT CLOWN! IF HE SINGS ON ME, I'M THROUGH!
THE NEWS
KILLER CAPTURED AT GUN POINT
TONY WELLS EX-CON CONFESS
3

KITTY HAD OVER $10,000 HIDDEN UNDER THE FLOOR OF HER APARTMENT...
I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MONEY BEFORE THE POLICE FIND IT... AND GET OUT OF TOWN!
THEY KNOW ABOUT ME! THAT CHEAP HOODLUM SQUEALED!
MY MONEY! TEN GRAND! THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT FROM ME!
KITTY DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION...
LISTEN, YOU OLD CRONE! I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS FOR YOUR CLOTHES! YOU CAN HAVE MINE!
BLESS YOU MAR'M... IT CERTAINLY IS A DEAL!
NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME NOW IN THESE OLD CLOTHES AND A BLONDE WIG! I DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE MYSELF! NOW I'M GOING AFTER THAT DOUGH!
HOTEL
LATER...
WHO ARE YOU, MADAME? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M POLLY SMALL, MISS RALM'S MAID!
MAID?
4

I'VE BEEN COMING HERE ONCE A WEEK TO CLEAN UP FOR OVER TWO YEARS! I LEFT SOME THINGS IN THE BEDROOM!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE OUT OF WORK FROM NOW ON, MOTHER! I DON'T THINK SHE'LL BE BACK!
GO GET YOUR STUFF!
THANK YOU, SON, AND BLESS YOU!
AAAH, THEY DIDN'T FIND IT! IT'S STILL HERE!
MEANWHILE...
JUDD, LOOK AT THE DUST ON THIS TABLE! THIS ROOM HASN'T BEEN CLEANED IN A MONTH!
AND SHE SAID SHE CLEANED IT ONCE A WEEK. WE'D BETTER CHECK HER AGAIN!
YOU'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS, SISTER, AND GET CLEANED UP!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
YOU LOUSY COPPERS!
SO THIS IS WHY YOU CAME BACK, KITTY RALM!
BEFORE SHE DIED IN PRISON YEARS LATER, KITTY RALM PUBLICLY REGRETTED HER CRIMES.
I WAS A FOOL! ANYONE IS A FOOL WHO TRIES TO MAKE A CAREER OF CRIME!
END
5

A CRIME AND JUSTICE SPECIAL

MAD ISLAND

MURDER MYSTERY...

A MADMAN'S CARIBBEAN ISLAND IS NO PLACE TO ENJOY BEING SHIPWRECKED... NOT EVEN WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE PARADISE FROM ABOVE... FOR OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS PAST, A MURDERER STRIKES!

WHO IS THE EVIL-ONE WHO WOULD DRENCH THIS TINY ISLE WITH BLOOD? WHAT'S BEHIND THE LUST FOR KILLING? WHO IS THE MAD ISLAND KILLER?

WELL, READER, DO YOU KNOW--- WHO DUNNIT?

JEFF IS ON HIS DAY OFF AND IS ENJOYING A SOLO FLIGHT OVER THE BEAUTIFUL CARIBBEAN ISLANDS.

AH... THIS IS THE LIFE... UP HERE ALL ALONE - OHHH OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER-

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE RADIO.

--HERE'S THE LATEST NEWS... THE J. HOWARD BROWN YACHT IS LONG OVERDUE. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH CARIBBEAN....

HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED. NOT MANY OF US FLY THIS ROUTE.

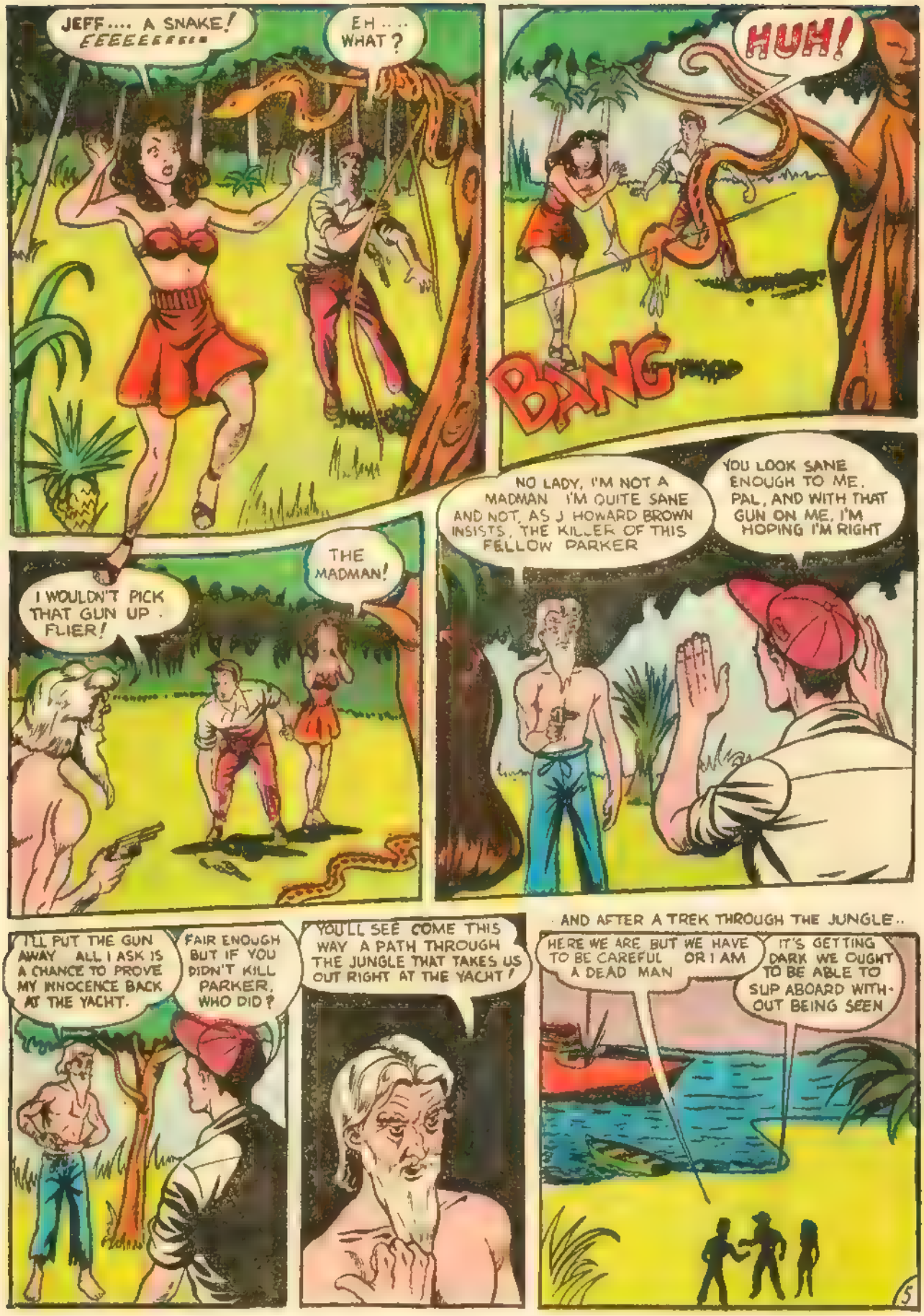
A SHORT TIME LATER.....

HMM - A YACHT DOWN THERE. NOTHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG WITH IT, THOUGH.

BUT SOMETHING IS VERY DEFINITELY EATING THAT GAL....!
IT'S THE SEABELLE! J. HOWARD BROWN'S MISSING YACHT, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS LUSCIOUS LOVELY, THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE.
OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU SAW MY SIGNAL. WE'VE GOT TO GET MR. PARKER TO A HOSPITAL.... QUICKLY!
WHAT'S WRONG?
EVERYTHING'S WRONG--- THE RADIO, THE YACHT ENGINE, PARKER STUCK WITH A POISONED DART. PARKER'S MR. BROWN'S SECRETARY...
HEY! DID YOU SAY POISONED DART?
IT WAS THAT MADMAN WHO LIVES ON THE ISLAND. HE'LL KILL US ALL!
NICE PLACES THESE ISLANDS. MADMAN, POISON DARTS...
A FLIER, HOWARD. WE CAN GET PARKER TO SHORE.
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, JUDY. HIS PULSE IS VERY WEAK!
OH DEAR! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH LIFE LEFT IN POOR PARKER.
2

THE MAN HAS NO LIFE LEFT, MISS. HE'S A CORPSE...
OHHH!
THAT MURDEROUS MADMAN. UNTIL HE'S SHOT, NONE OF US WILL BE SAFE!
A PITY. I GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO NOW EXCEPT RADIO SHORE THAT WE'RE SAFE.
HOW ABOUT THIS MADMAN?
HE WAS THE ONE WHO PUT THE ENGINE AND RADIO OUT OF ORDER.
IF I HADN'T BEEN SUCH A CHUMP, LEAVING THE BOAT UNGUARDED WHILE WE WENT ASHORE.....
AND PARKER.... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
PARKER'S MY SECRETARY. THE TWO OF US WERE AFT LAST NIGHT, STANDING WATCH WHILE THE CREW WORKED ON THE ENGINE.... SUDDENLY, PARKER GAVE A SHOUT. HIT BY A POISONED DART FROM A PIROGUE.
PARKER NEVER RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE MURDERER ESCAPED IN THE DARK. MY CREW IS LOOKING FOR HIM WITH ORDERS TO SHOOT ON SIGHT!
NASTY BUSINESS. AFTER I SEND A CALL TO THE AUTHORITIES, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK FOR THE FELLOW MYSELF.... BY PLANE!
I'M GOING WITH YOU!
CAREFUL, HE'S A KILLER YOU KNOW.
3

...AND AFTER JEFF RADIOS SHORE FOR HELP...
WAIT FOR ME, PLEASE. HE MIGHT BE HIDING IN THE JUNGLE RIGHT NOW WITH ANOTHER POISON DART.
WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SPOT THIS FELLOW FAIRLY EASILY FROM THE AIR AT LEAST HIS SHELTER SHOULD BE VISIBLE
FEW MINUTES LATER
LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE MADMAN'S HOUSE!
NOT A BAD LOOKING SHACK FOR A WHACKY KILLER...WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!
THERE HE IS! DUCKING INTO THE JUNGLE. WILD LOOKING FELLOW, TOO!
STAY AT THE PLANE, JUDY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!
NOTHING DOING! FOUR EYES ARE BETTER THAN TWO IN THIS JUNGLE!
HE'S DISAPPEARED!
MAYBE HE'S HEADED FOR HIS SHACK

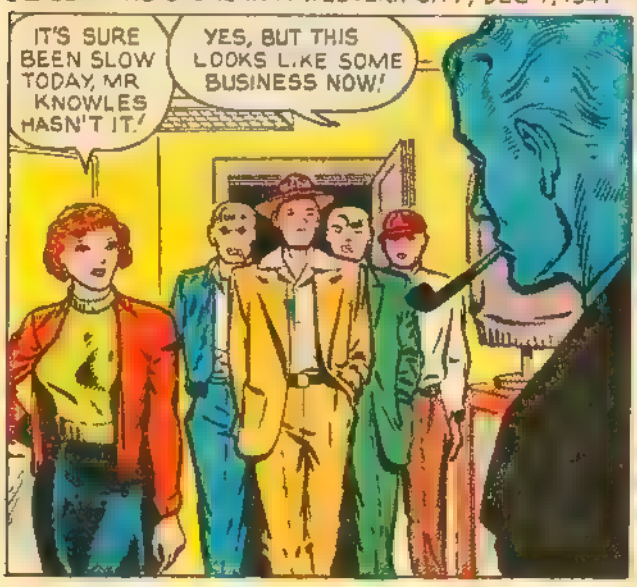

JEFF.... A SNAKE!
EEEEEEEEEE
EH.... WHAT?
HUH!
BANG
NO LADY, I'M NOT A MADMAN I'M QUITE SANE AND NOT, AS J HOWARD BROWN INSISTS, THE KILLER OF THIS FELLOW PARKER
YOU LOOK SANE ENOUGH TO ME, PAL, AND WITH THAT GUN ON ME, I'M HOPING I'M RIGHT
THE MADMAN!
I WOULDN'T PICK THAT GUN UP, FLIER!
I'LL PUT THE GUN AWAY ALL I ASK IS A CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE BACK AT THE YACHT.
FAIR ENOUGH BUT IF YOU DIDN'T KILL PARKER, WHO DID?
YOU'LL SEE COME THIS WAY A PATH THROUGH THE JUNGLE THAT TAKES US OUT RIGHT AT THE YACHT!
AND AFTER A TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE..
HERE WE ARE BUT WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL OR I AM A DEAD MAN
IT'S GETTING DARK WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SUP ABOARD WITHOUT BEING SEEN
5

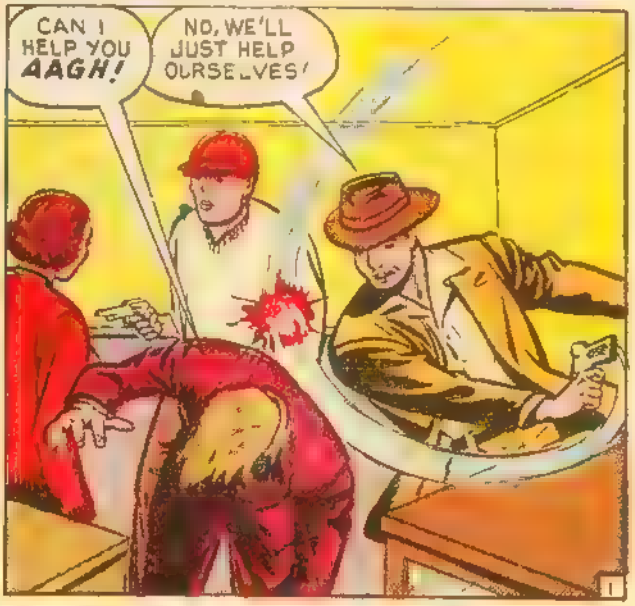
SHHH! ONLY ONE ON GUARD ON THIS SIDE ... AND I'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP IN SHORT ORDER.
UNCLE HOWARD'S YACHTING PARTIES WERE NEVER DULL, BUT THIS TAKES THE PRIZE.
UGH!
LET'S BE CAREFUL JEFF, HE MIGHT BE TRICKING US
HE'S GOT THE SAILOR. C'MON, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
HE'S TAKING US TO UNCLE'S CABIN ... BUT WHY?
I THINK I KNOW, JUDY.
AH, HERE IT IS, JUST WHERE HE LEFT IT AFTER THE MURDER.
WHO LEFT WHAT?
THE POISON DARTS THAT KILLED PARKER AND WERE MEANT FOR ME .... WHAT?
YES, AND I'M THE KILLER. GO AHEAD AND SAY IT, COBB!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THESE DARTS BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL TELL IT ALL BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET ME PUNISHED, ELIJAH COBB.
SO WE MEET AGAIN AFTER TWENTY YEARS, MR. BROWN, MY OLD EMPLOYER. THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS PARTNER AND PAID ME FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO RUN OFF AND TAKE THE BLAME!
6

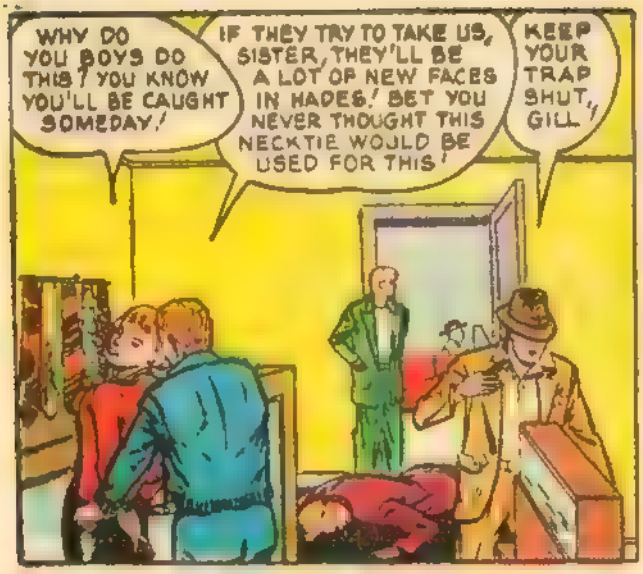
FORTUNATELY, I NEVER TRUSTED YOU... ALWAYS WAS AFRAID THAT SOME DAY YOU'D COME BACK TO THIS ISLAND I ENJOY SO MUCH.
AND SO YOU SLIPPED ABOARD IN THE DARK AND HAD A LOOK AROUND, EH?
A LOOK THAT SAW PARKER BEING POISONED BECAUSE HE ALSO KNEW ABOUT YOUR PAST AND SERVED YOU AS A GOOD MEANS OF GETTING YOUR TRIGGER HAPPY CREW TO BELIEVE I WAS A MAD KILLER!
YOU KNOW A LOT, DON'T YOU?
BUT WHAT YOU KNOW ISN'T WORTH A PIECE OF CHEWING GUM RIGHT NOW!
UNCLE! DON'T SHOOT!
GOTTA GET THIS LIGHT OUT BUT FAST!
BANG
UGH!
YEOW
BIFF
AAAAA
SOCK
WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT... MR. J. HOWARD BROWN IS NO LONGER A MENACE TO ANY OF US.
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT.... UNCLE HOWARD A MURDERER!
AND HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ALL OF US FOR KNOWING WHAT WE DID!
BUT HE DIDN'T NOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE YACHT BACK TO PORT AND BROWN IN JAIL ...THEN, I CAN MAKE USE OF BEING ALIVE TO CULTIVATE JUDY HATFIELD.

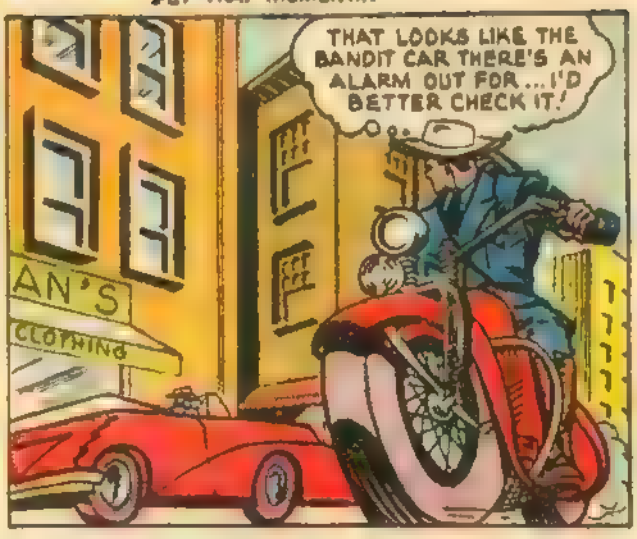
A TRUE CRIME STORY ADAPTED FROM STATE POLICE FILES.
"CRIME AND JUSTICE" SALUTES MISSOURI STATE TROOPER S S ABNEY WHO CHANGED ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH TO BRING ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF FIVE DESPERATE MEN WHOSE WAVE OF VIOLENT CRIME HAD BLAZED A PATH OF TERROR AND LAWLESSNESS ACROSS THE ENTIRE MIDDLE WEST!
ROADBLOCK
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP, GILL, OR WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
WE AIN'T STOPPIN' FOR NOTHIN'... KEEP SHOOTIN'!
CAREFUL..... DON'T HIT THE CRUISER!
POLICE

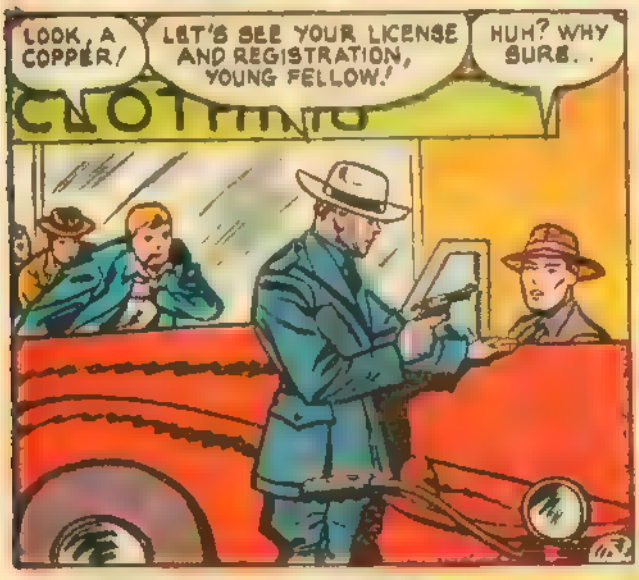
A CLOTHING STORE IN A WESTERN CITY, DEC 1, 1947

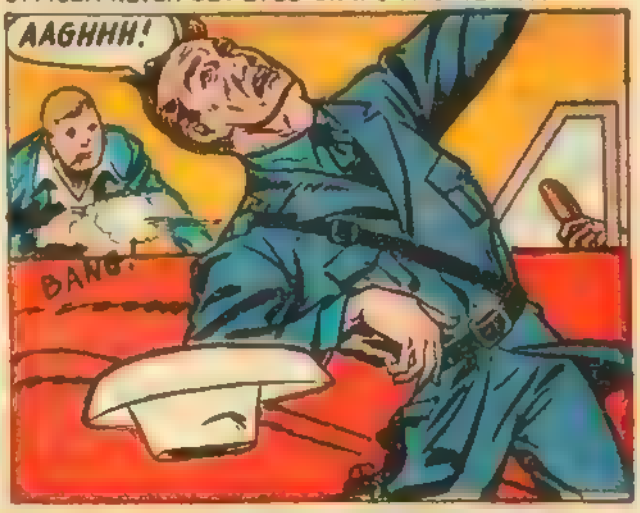




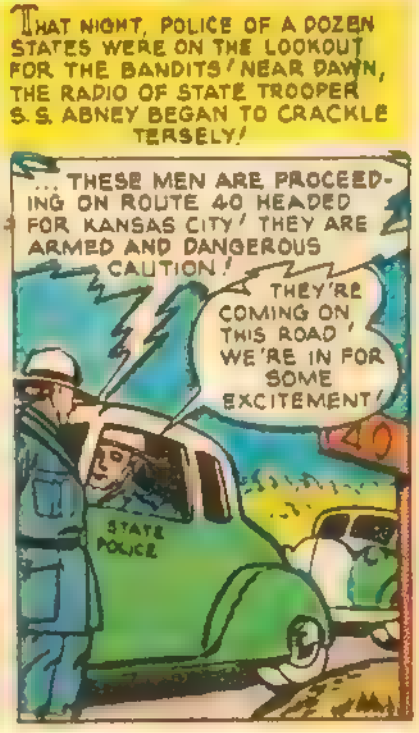

WHY DO YOU BOYS DO THIS? YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE CAUGHT SOMEDAY!
IF THEY TRY TO TAKE US, SISTER, THEY'LL BE A LOT OF NEW FACES IN HADES! BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT THIS NECKTIE WOULD BE USED FOR THIS!
KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, GILL!

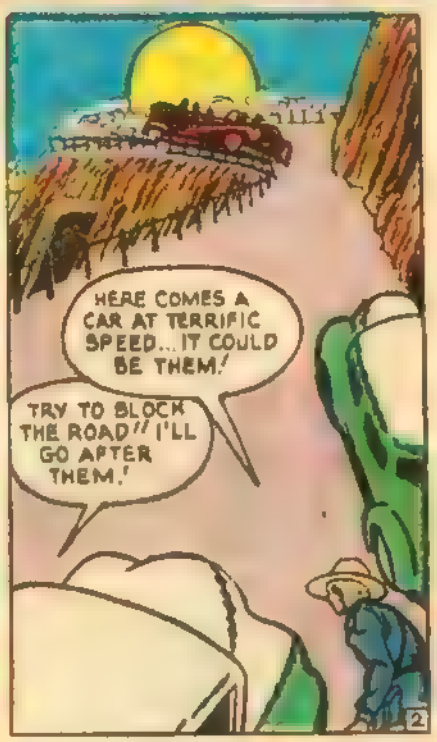

AT THAT MOMENT...
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BANDIT CAR THERE'S AN ALARM OUT FOR... I'D BETTER CHECK IT!
AN'S
CLOTHING

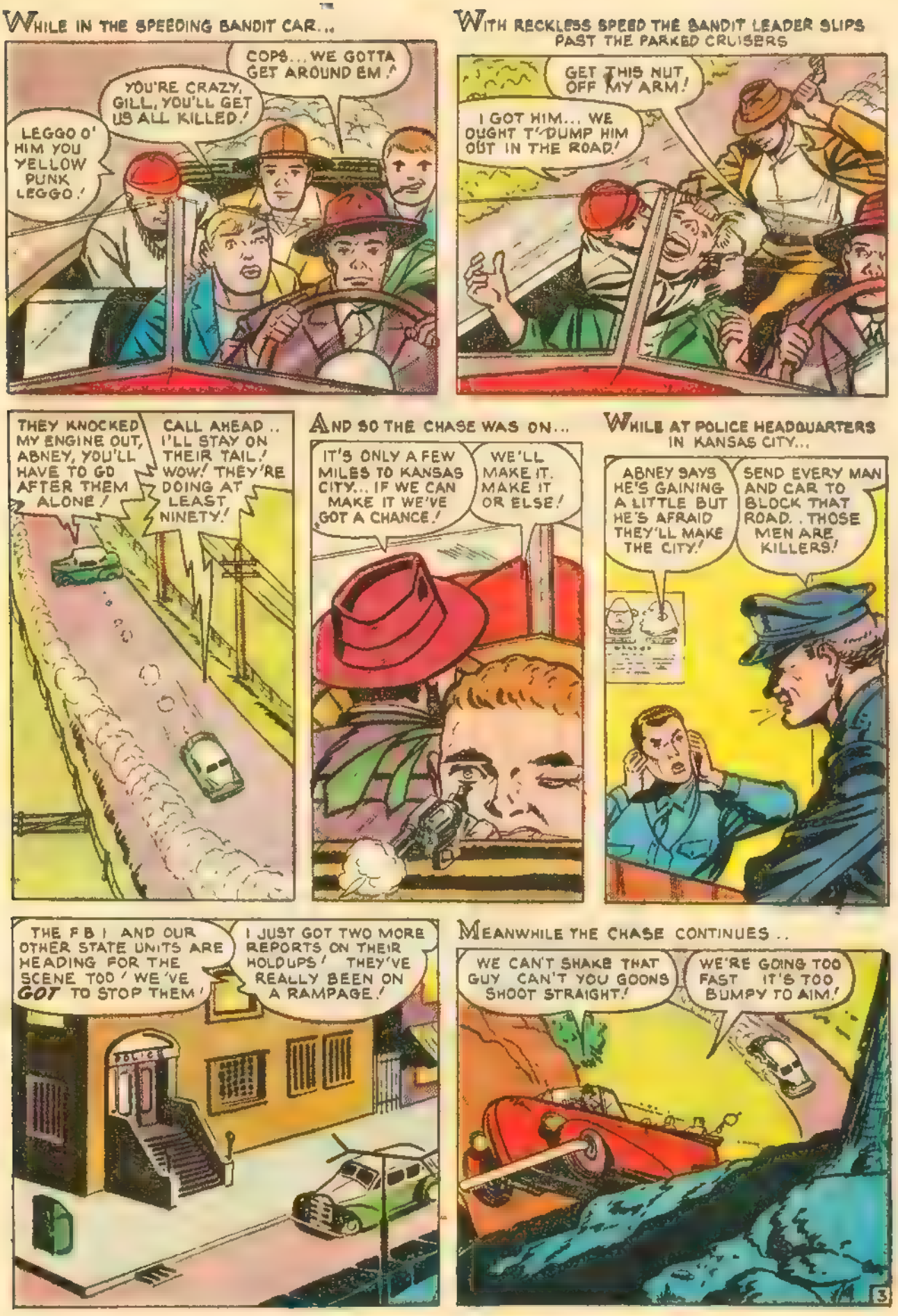

LOOK, A COPPER!
LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE AND REGISTRATION, YOUNG FELLOW!
HUH? WHY SURE..


SO FAST DID THE VICIOUS ATTACK COME THAT THE OFFICER NEVER SET EYES ON HIS ASSAILANT.
AAGHHH!
BANG!

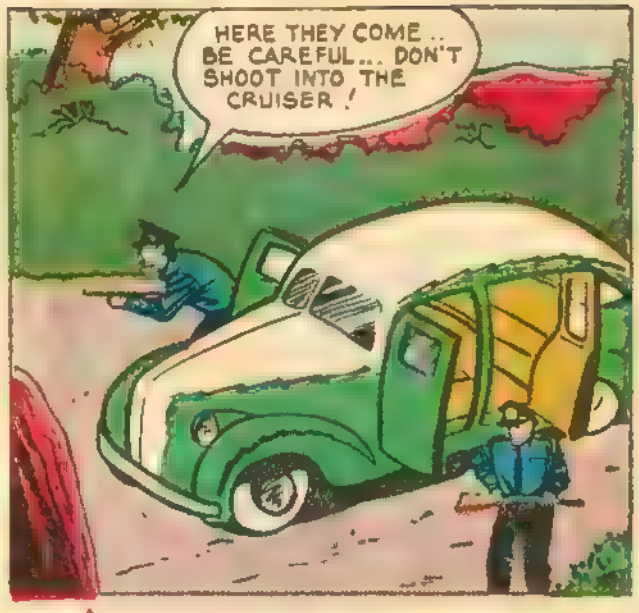
SOUND THE ALARM! THEY'RE THE THUGS THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS SEARCHING FOR!
SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!


THAT NIGHT, POLICE OF A DOZEN STATES WERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE BANDITS! NEAR DAWN, THE RADIO OF STATE TROOPER S.S. ABNEY BEGAN TO CRACKLE TERSELY!
... THESE MEN ARE PROCEEDING ON ROUTE 40 HEADED FOR KANSAS CITY! THEY ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS CAUTION!
THEY'RE COMING ON THIS ROAD! WE'RE IN FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!
40
STATE POLICE


HERE COMES A CAR AT TERRIFIC SPEED... IT COULD BE THEM!
TRY TO BLOCK THE ROAD!! I'LL GO AFTER THEM!

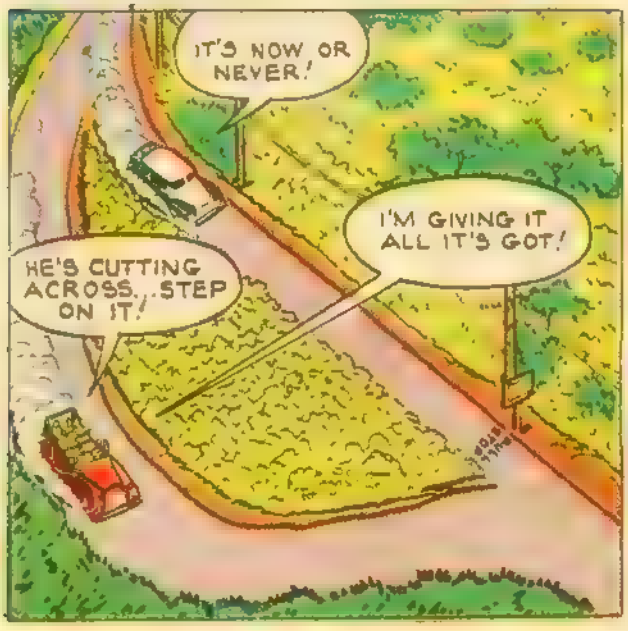

WHILE IN THE SPEEDING BANDIT CAR...
COPS... WE GOTTA GET AROUND 'EM!
YOU'RE CRAZY, GILL, YOU'LL GET US ALL KILLED!
LEGGO O' HIM YOU YELLOW PUNK LEGGO!
WITH RECKLESS SPEED THE BANDIT LEADER SLIPS PAST THE PARKED CRUISERS
GET THIS NUT OFF MY ARM!
I GOT HIM... WE OUGHT T'DUMP HIM OUT IN THE ROAD!
THEY KNOCKED MY ENGINE OUT, ABNEY, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM ALONE!
CALL AHEAD.. I'LL STAY ON THEIR TAIL! WOW! THEY'RE DOING AT LEAST NINETY!
AND SO THE CHASE WAS ON...
IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES TO KANSAS CITY... IF WE CAN MAKE IT WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!
WE'LL MAKE IT. MAKE IT OR ELSE!
WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN KANSAS CITY...
ABNEY SAYS HE'S GAINING A LITTLE BUT HE'S AFRAID THEY'LL MAKE THE CITY!
SEND EVERY MAN AND CAR TO BLOCK THAT ROAD. . THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS!
THE F B I AND OUR OTHER STATE UNITS ARE HEADING FOR THE SCENE TOO! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
I JUST GOT TWO MORE REPORTS ON THEIR HOLDUPS! THEY'VE REALLY BEEN ON A RAMPAGE!
POLICE
MEANWHILE THE CHASE CONTINUES..
WE CAN'T SHAKE THAT GUY CAN'T YOU GOONS SHOOT STRAIGHT!
WE'RE GOING TOO FAST IT'S TOO BUMPY TO AIM!
3

...AND UP AHEAD...

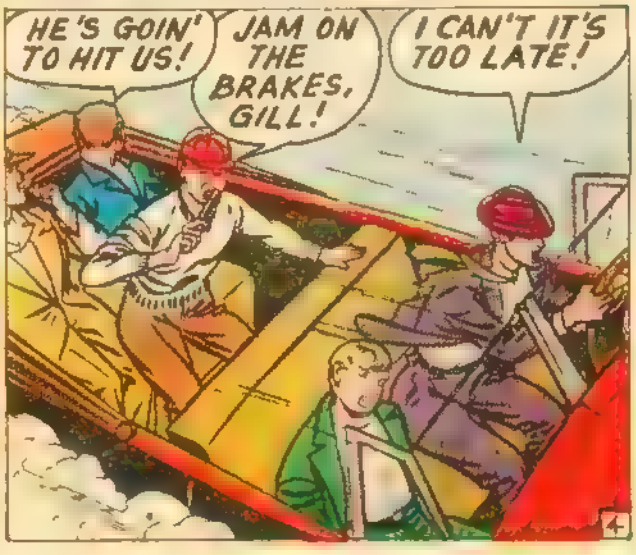


NOT FOR ONE SECOND DID TROOPER ABNEY HESITATE..

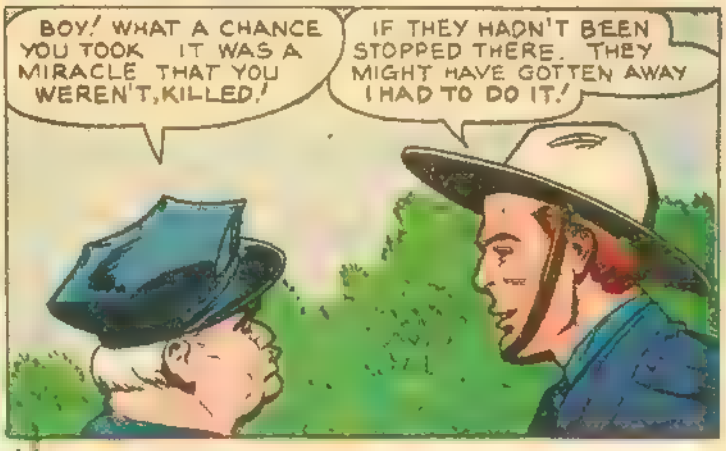
ABNEY RADIOS FOR HELP



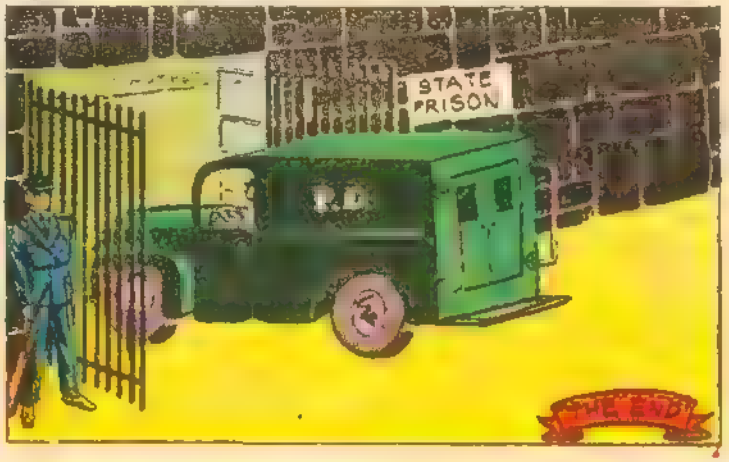
THEN... DISREGARDING HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY THE COURAGEOUS OFFICER VEERS TOWARD THE SPEEDING BANDITS



A MINUTE LATER OTHER POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE AND RELIEVE ABNEY.


BOY! WHAT A CHANCE YOU TOOK IT WAS A MIRACLE THAT YOU WEREN'T KILLED!
IF THEY HADN'T BEEN STOPPED THERE. THEY MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY I HAD TO DO IT!

AND SO, THANKS TO THE DEVOTION TO DUTY OF TROOPER ABNEY, PRISON DOORS SLAMMED SHUT ON FIVE HOODLUMS WHOSE CAREER IN CRIME HE'D SO ABRUPTLY HALTED.



CLIPPED BY JUSTICE

It was bad enough losing the pay-roll twice, but when the Sheriff kept up his nagging questions and people around town began to whisper and turn around to look, Ben realized something had to be done. It was all very funny in a way, that the news of his trip each time and the trails he'd be using going to and from the big mine, should be known. It hadn't been just luck and guesswork on the part of whoever was making the grabs. And the part that hurt was that no one else should have known these things, other than Ben and the Sheriff.

"Doesn't make sense," the law-man had admitted to Ben. "If I were a hold-up man, I'd have to have information to work on. I just couldn't meander around the country and run into some hombre carrying a poke with a couple of thousand dollars in it. Figure it out for yourself, Ben."

Ben had figured and hadn't arrived at any other conclusion but that he looked suspicious as the devil. And everyone in town seemed to figure about the same thing. Even Andy Swift . . .

"Looks queer," Big Andy had admitted in his friendly voice. "Just pretend somebody else ran those rolls, Ben. How would it look to you?"

"Punk." Ben nervously chewed the corner of his roughened thumb. "I've got to admit it . . but I didn't have anything to do with those hold-ups. Shucks, the last time I thought I'd had my head busted open."

Andy Swift shook his cumbersome head. Some of the friendliness had gone from his eyes and voice when next he said, "People are talking. And what they're saying won't help you none. Unless you're tired of living".

Ben got uneasily to his feet. He said, half unconsciously, "I've talked the Sheriff into letting me run the next pay-roll out to the Triangle-W. He didn't want to nohow. But I've just got to prove I haven't had anything to do with it, and this is the only way."

Ben walked out. It was true he had talked the Sheriff into letting him take the pay-roll to the Triangle-W, but what he hadn't confessed to Andy Swift, or to anyone else for that matter, was that it would be a dummy pay-roll. And if he was held up again, it would be his job to nab the thief.

All of which didn't sound too easy, and riding along the trail early next morning, Ben realized that, come what may, he had to make some kind of showing.

It was clear and cool back in the hills, and the sound of hoof beats the only thing to disturb Ben's thoughts. He had hoped to be able to shut the unpleasantness of the past few weeks from his mind, and concentrate upon the dangerous task ahead of him. But it was impossible to forget that back in town he was suspected of having sold out —

The rider appeared as if by magic. The same small figure, almost undersized, on a horse that seemed mountains too big for him. At any other time it would have been worth a laugh. Now —

"Get 'em up", the bandit snarled. High Keep 'em there!"

Ben's body tensed, then relaxed, became ready and waiting. He must not lose his head this time. Evidently the thief knew he would be along the trail today, would be carrying what was supposed to be the Triangle-W pay-roll What he didn't know was that . . .

"I'll take the money," the man snarled 'Try any tricks and . . . "

He reined in alongside, reached for the satchel. He snatched it, and pulled his horse aside—

Ben let his voice out in open laughter. The bandit wheeled, watching him sharply. "What's funny?"

Ben answered, "There's nothing in that but papers and stones—"

The thief cursed, flung the satchel from him.

Swiftly Ben whirled his horse. For a moment the man had been off guard, caught in the

fury of his own defeat. And the next instant Ben had driven in and launched his slim body. The moment after he had locked his arms about the bandit the horses shied. They teetered desperately and a second later crashed heavily to the ground.

Ben rolled over leaped up. The man was scrambling to his feet as Ben stepped in and delivered a double blow. And for a moment afterward he stood looking down at the still figure.

At last Ben reached down, ripped the kerchief aside. He stared down, his mind puzzled, anxious. This was no one he had even seen before. A total stranger . . .

Who had tipped him off? As Andy Swift and the Sheriff had both pointed out, it hadn't been just an accident . . .

An hour later Ben had conveyed his prisoner to a cabin deep in the hills, and away from all known trails. The man had recovered consciousness, was glaring sullenly up from the floor. His wrists and ankles were tightly bound.

"You've cut off circulation," he whined. "If you leave me like this—"

"Want to tell me who told you about the pay-roll?" Ben questioned.

"You know where you can go!" the man retorted. "I'm no squealer!"

Ben shrugged and inspected the bonds. They were tight, but had to be to insure finding the man here when he came back. For Ben's mind was working slowly back over the past few weeks, remembering who he'd talked to and what he had said. Unless the Sheriff himself had accidentally talked to the wrong party . . .

"Sorry to leave you alone," Ben murmured, turning toward the door. "But I've got a few calls to make. Then I'll be back!"

Perhaps he had the wrong slant, Ben told himself as he rode back into town. He left his horse out in the woods, continued on foot through the edge of the village.

There was a light in Andy Swift's house and Ben settled down to wait and watch. Who had tipped off who about the pay-rolls? The Sheriff or . . . Ben himself? As nearly as Ben or anyone else knew, Andy Swift was a retired rancher. Everyone respected him, and he'd befriended more than one and never asked repayment. But there was still the nagging uneasiness in the back of Ben's mind . . .

He was about to leave the scene when he saw the shadow slip away from the rear of Andy's house. A bulky shadow, unmistakably Andy's, for there were few others in town who could approach his dimensions.

Ben's body tensed, his breath tightened, as he found his horse and took up Andy Swift's trail, a trail that led back into the hills to a remote shack. As Ben moved up on foot to the tiny structure, he saw the awakening of yellow light inside. He moved on, approaching the door . . .

The door opened suddenly and against the light from within, Ben saw Andy Swift's bulky body. Andy stiffened, staring down at the revolver pointed at his middle. His face was a study in surprise and growing anger.

"What's the idea, Ben?"

"I think you'd better tell me," Ben answered, closing the door behind him as he followed Andy into the shack. "Or maybe I *could* tell you, at that."

Andy's face was tense now, dangerous. All the friendliness was gone, leaving in its stead a look of cornered desperation.

"You figure you've got something to tell me, Ben. I'd be interested in knowing."

Ben nodded, never for a second letting his eyes move from the bulky man before him. A dangerous man he now knew, a man trapped and who would shoot to kill to save his own life.

"There isn't much," Ben explained slowly. "Except that today I grabbed the guy who tried to stick me up. But this time it didn't do him any good.

Silence again. Andy shifted his big body and Ben's finger tightened on the trigger of the .45.

"Anything else, Ben?"

Ben hesitated, holding his breath. He concluded, "Yeah. He didn't want to talk at first, but when I worked on him a little while he admitted where he'd gotten his information—"

Andy Swift moved with great speed for his bulk. But it was a surprise even to Ben later on when he stopped to think about it, that Andy could have hoped to out-shoot anyone when he himself was covered

He never made the draw. Ben's .45 smashed once and Andy Swift trembled violently and went down in a heap. His face was twisted and wrenched by the violent pain running through his big body.

Ben said, "That was a fake pay-roll today You were the only person I could remember telling about it at any time. When your pardner didn't report to you tonight, you came out here to meet him and get your cut.

"You've fooled the people around here long enough. Sorry I had to lie about your pardner. He didn't talk but he didn't have to because I was pretty sure of the truth.

"That arm won't be much good after this. But then, it was time somebody clipped your wings for you!"

THE END

The Big Double Cross

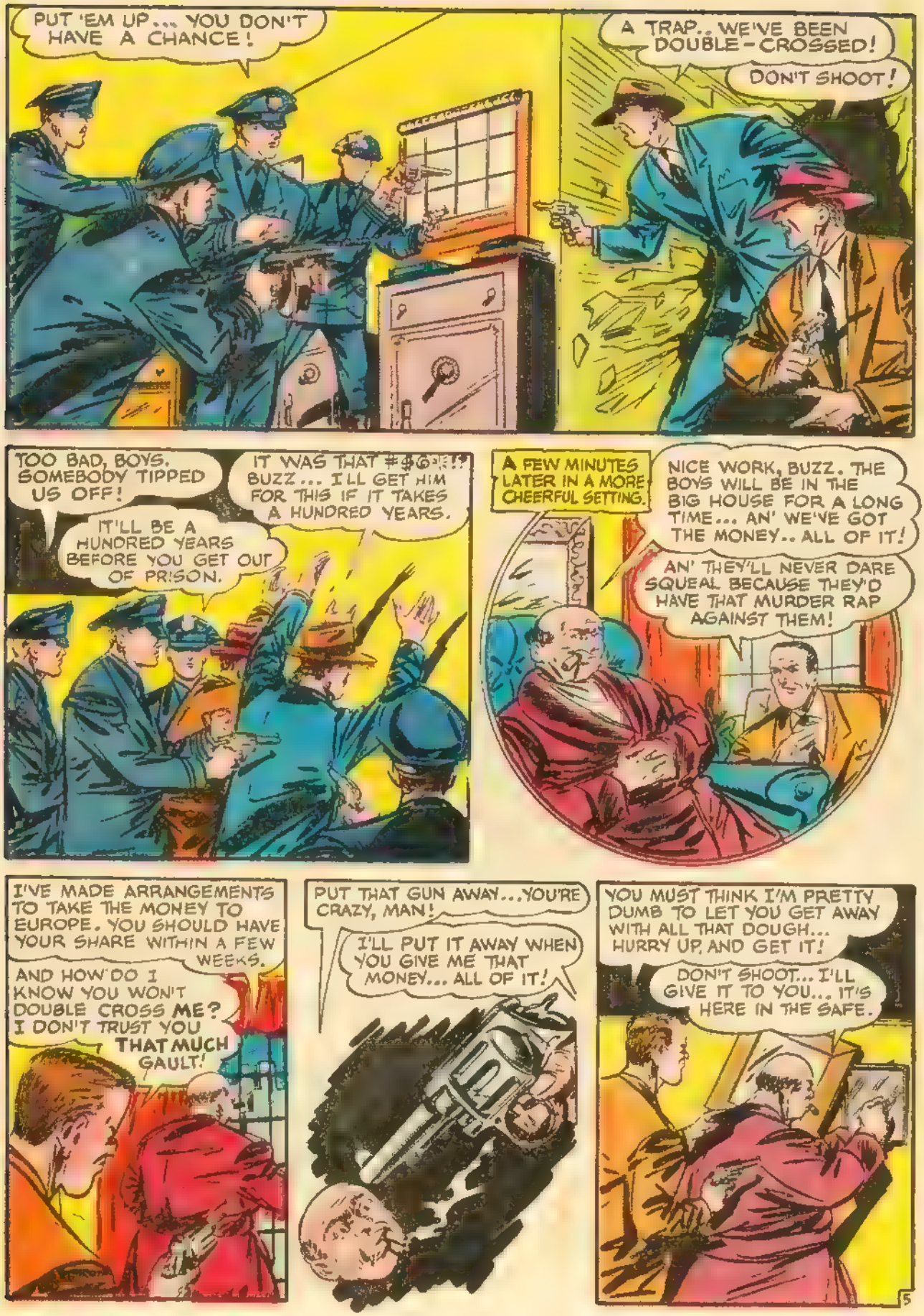
A STORY OF UNDERWORLD TREACHERY

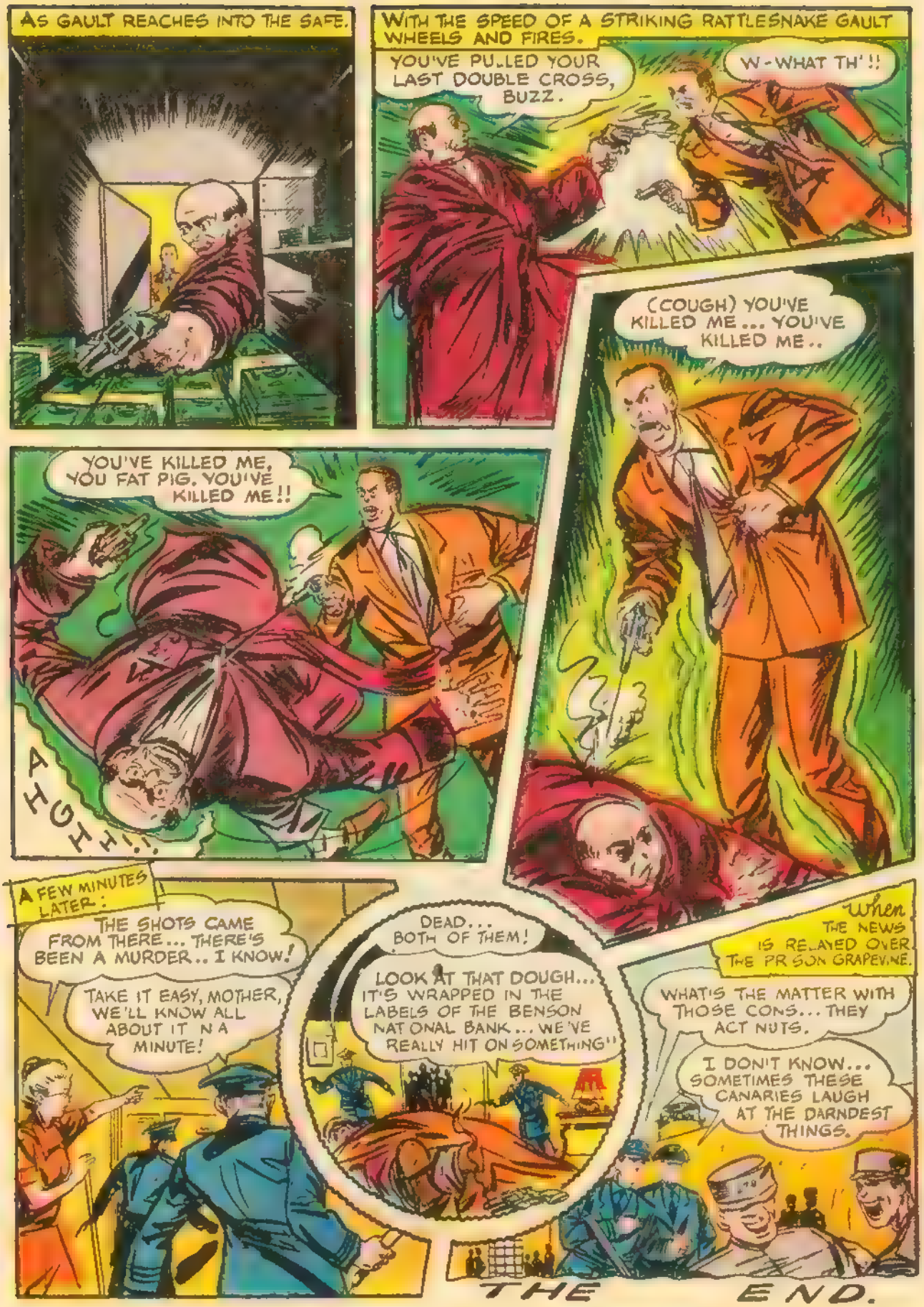
DROP THOSE GUNS OR WE'LL CUT YOU DOWN
IT'S A TRAP
WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED.
WHEREVER THE EXPRESSION, THERE'S HONOR AMONG THIEVES ORIGINATED, NO ONE KNOWS. HOWEVER, NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH! AS THIS STORY, BASED ON A TRUE POLICE CASE, ILLUSTRATES, CROOKS ARE AS DISHONEST WITH EACH OTHER AS THEY ARE WITH SOCIETY AS A WHOLE
THE APARTMENT OF SAM [illegible], UNDERWORLD FENCE
CHARLIE SHAKE HANDS WITH BUZZ GILSON. HE WAS WITH THE PRETTY BOY FLOYD MOB. A GOOD MAN
HIYA! SAM SAYS YOU CAN USE ME ON YOUR NEXT CAPER. HOW ABOUT IT?
IF SAM SAYS YOU'RE OKAY. THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME
THAT'S FINE! NOW WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
THE BENSON NATIONAL BANK. WE'VE CASED IT AND IT'S A PUSHOVER! SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A HUNDRED GRAND!
MISTER, FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH YOU CAN DEAL ME IN BUT THEY'LL HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE BILLS... THEY'LL BE HOT AS FIRECRACKERS.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT. JUST GET IT I'LL DO THE LOOKING FOR A PERCENTAGE

AND SO . TWO DAYS LATER
BUZZ, YOU KEEP THE CAR IN GEAR . IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG . START SHOOTING WE'LL BLAST OUR WAY OUT IF WE HAVE TO.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME I'M NO AMATEUR.
OKAY!! THIS IS IT!!
DON'T GET TRIGGER HAPPY NOW.
BUT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE BUSINESS IN THE BANK TOO..
THAT CLUCK" WHY WOULD HE HAVE TO COME ALONG NOW?
A HOLP-UP!!
HELP POLICE A STICK-UP... IN THE BANK!!
SHUT UP, YOU OLD BUZZARD!!
DROP YOU BLASTED OLD FOOL!!
AHAAAAA!
BANG!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU CRAZY HOOD TRYING TO SEND US ALL TO THE CHAIR ?..
I HAD TO BLAST THE GUY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST...

A GRINDING OF GEARS AND THE GET-AWAY CAR ROARS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT.
HOW ABOUT THE DOUGH.. DID YOU GET IT ALL ?
WE CLEANED 'EM OUT! BUT NOW IT'LL BE HOTTER THAN EVER.
THERE'S TH' ROAD.. ANYTHING COMING, SHORTY ?
NOT A THING.. WE HAD TOO MUCH OF A START ON 'EM!
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.
THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT US IN THESE TRUCKERS OVERALLS.
THIS WOULD'VE BEEN A NEAT CAPER IF YOU HADN'T STARTED THAT BLASTING.
IT WAS A PRETTY SMART IDEA USING TWO TRUCKS FOR THE GETAWAY.
LATER...
IT WAS A GOOD HAUL.. SIXTY GRAND.
HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE FOR IT GAULT? IT'S WORTH AT LEAST FIFTY.
SORRY, CHARLIE I'LL HAVE TO HOLD IT FOR AT LEAST A YEAR..THE BEST I CAN DO IS A THOUSAND DOLLARS
ONE GRAND... THAT'S NO DICE... YOU'LL GIVE US FIFTY OR NO SALE.
EASY NOW. TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME. LET'S TALK THIS OVER.
THE ONLY PLACE TO UNLOAD THAT MONEY IS IN EUROPE. IT'LL TAKE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS. I CAN ADVANCE YOU A THOUSAND AND GIVE YOU THE REST AFTER THE SALE. THAT'S TH' BEST I CAN DO.
IF YOU PULL ANY FAST ONES... THEY'LL FIND YOU FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN IN TH' RIVER.
A GRAND IS PEANUTS. WE'VE GOT TO PULL ANOTHER JOB. I'VE BEEN CASING ANOTHER SPOT AND IF YOU GUYS WANT TO HELP WE CAN PICK UP A ROLL. HOW ABOUT IT ?
IF I LIKE THE SPOT IT'S A DEAL. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME CASH.
DEAL ME IN TOO.

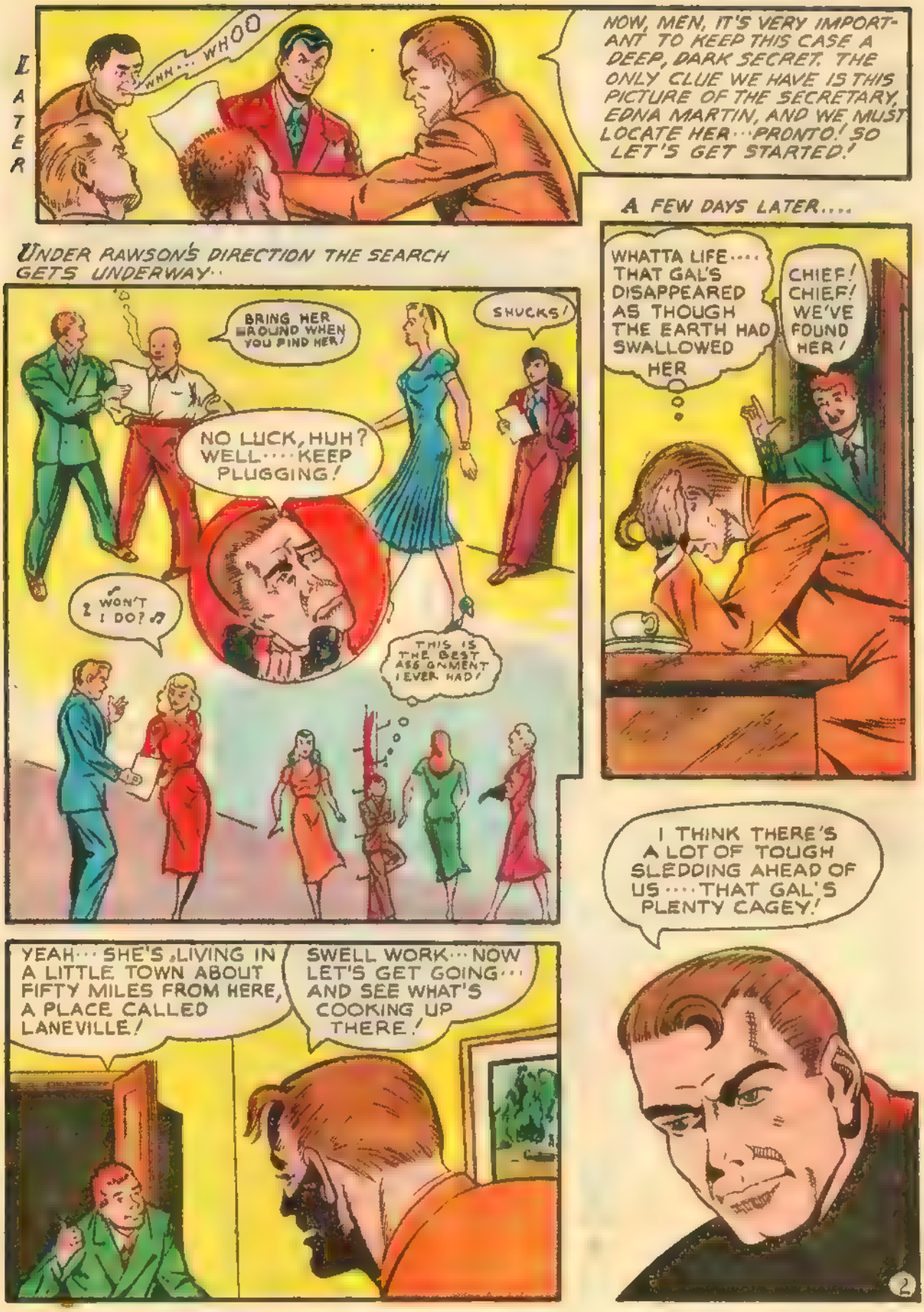
THE NEXT DAY THE TRIO OF CROOKS MAKE THEIR PLANS FOR THE ROBBERY. .
NOW HERE'S THE DOPE. WE'LL BREAK INTO THAT TAILOR SHOP TONIGHT. THEN WE'LL CUT AWAY THE WALL INTO THE CHECK CASHING PLACE. NOT QUITE ALL THE WAY THROUGH.
I GET IT. THEN TOMORROW WE BUST RIGHT INTO THE CASHIERS' BOOTH.
EXCHANG
CHECKS CASHED
RIGHT!! THEN WE'LL STICK 'EM UP BEFORE THEY CAN PRESS AN ALARM.
THAT NIGHT...
YOU'RE REALLY ON THE BALL, BUZZ. I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU.
WE CAN PUSH THAT THROUGH IN A SPLIT SECOND.
WE'LL BUST THROUGH RIGHT AFTER THE MONEY TRUCK GETS HERE.
NEXT MORNING AS THE TAILOR ARRIVES FOR WORK.
OKAY, MISTER, PUT 'EM UP AN' KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!
HUH?... WHO'S THERE?
I'LL BE OUT ON THE STREET AS LOOKOUT. LAY LOW UNTIL EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK. THEN BREAK THROUGH... I'LL HAVE THE CAR WAITING OUTSIDE.
OKAY!! IT SHOULD TAKE ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO SHAKE THE DOUGH DOWN... JUST BE THERE.
AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN.
HAVE YOUR GUN READY...
IT'S READY... PUSH.
CRASH!


PUT 'EM UP... YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
A TRAP.. WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!
DON'T SHOOT!
TOO BAD, BOYS. SOMEBODY TIPPED US OFF!
IT'LL BE A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF PRISON.
IT WAS THAT #$@*!? BUZZ... I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS IF IT TAKES A HUNDRED YEARS.
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A MORE CHEERFUL SETTING.
NICE WORK, BUZZ. THE BOYS WILL BE IN THE BIG HOUSE FOR A LONG TIME... AN' WE'VE GOT THE MONEY.. ALL OF IT!
AN' THEY'LL NEVER DARE SQUEAL BECAUSE THEY'D HAVE THAT MURDER RAP AGAINST THEM!
I'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO TAKE THE MONEY TO EUROPE. YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR SHARE WITHIN A FEW WEEKS.
AND HOW DO I KNOW YOU WON'T DOUBLE CROSS ME? I DON'T TRUST YOU THAT MUCH GAULT!
PUT THAT GUN AWAY... YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN!
I'LL PUT IT AWAY WHEN YOU GIVE ME THAT MONEY... ALL OF IT!
YOU MUST THINK I'M PRETTY DUMB TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH ALL THAT DOUGH... HURRY UP, AND GET IT!
DON'T SHOOT... I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... IT'S HERE IN THE SAFE.
5

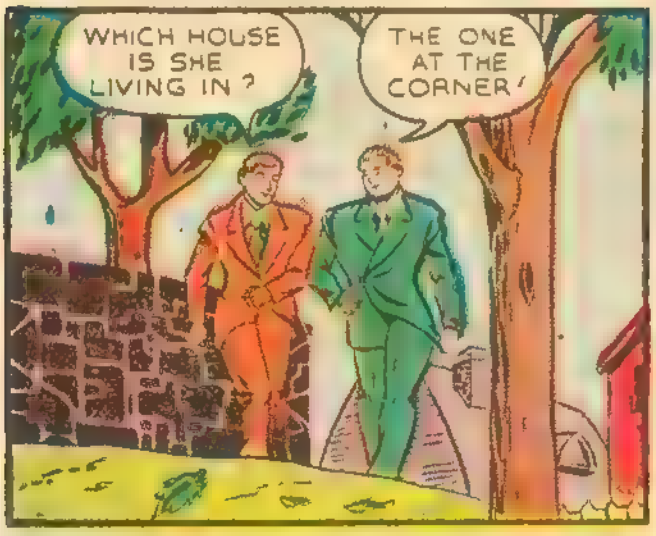

AS GAULT REACHES INTO THE SAFE.
WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLESNAKE GAULT WHEELS AND FIRES.
YOU'VE PULLED YOUR LAST DOUBLE CROSS, BUZZ.
W-WHAT TH'!!
(COUGH) YOU'VE KILLED ME... YOU'VE KILLED ME..
YOU'VE KILLED ME, YOU FAT PIG. YOU'VE KILLED ME!!
AIGHH!!
A FEW MINUTES LATER:
THE SHOTS CAME FROM THERE... THERE'S BEEN A MURDER.. I KNOW!
TAKE IT EASY, MOTHER, WE'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT IN A MINUTE!
DEAD... BOTH OF THEM!
LOOK AT THAT DOUGH... IT'S WRAPPED IN THE LABELS OF THE BENSON NATIONAL BANK... WE'VE REALLY HIT ON SOMETHING!!
When THE NEWS IS RELAYED OVER THE PRISON GRAPEVINE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE CONS... THEY ACT NUTS.
I DON'T KNOW... SOMETIMES THESE CANARIES LAUGH AT THE DARNDEST THINGS.
THE END.

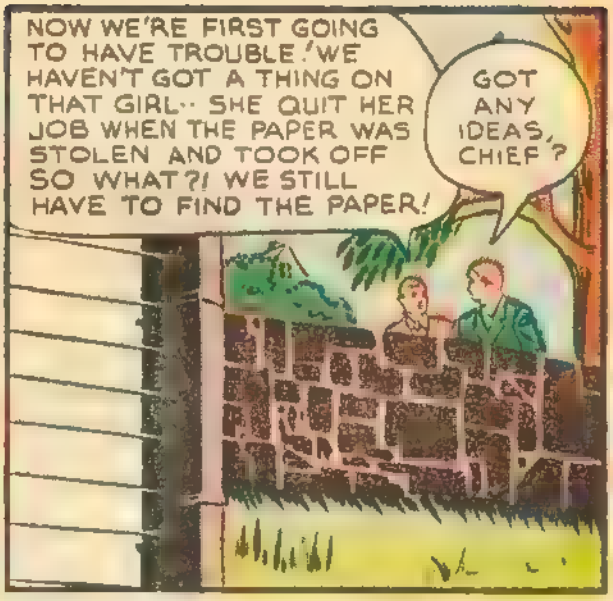
LEN RAWSON F.B.I.

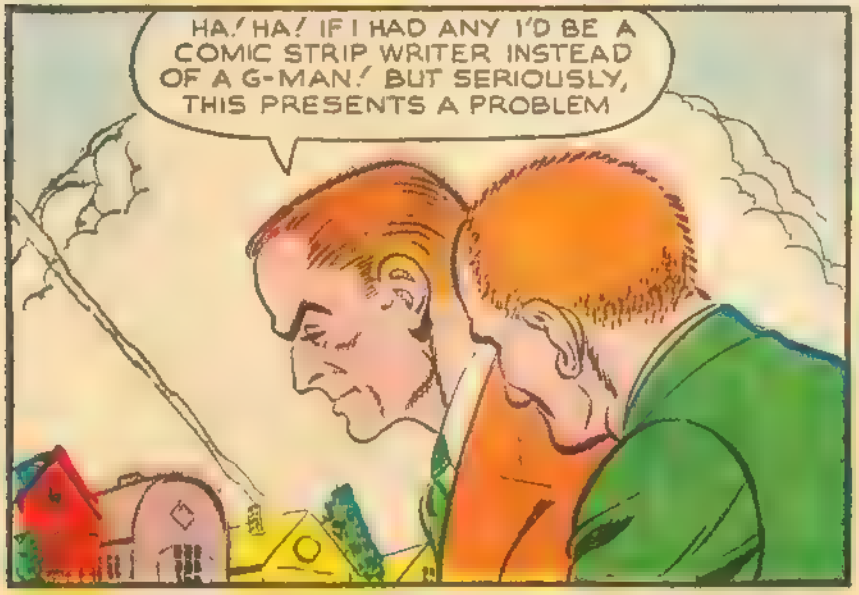
"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME" IS AN OLD SAYING ABOUT CRIME. IT MEANS FIND THE WOMAN! AND LEN RAWSON, ACE F B I. MAN SETS OUT TO DO JUST THAT! ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF LOOKING AT A PRETTY GIRL BEHIND A VICIOUS AUTOMATIC!
EARLY ONE MORNING, LEN RAWSON STARTS THE DAY WRONG!
WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS! SOME GOOF OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL LETS HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY NAB A VERY IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION NOW THE GAL HAS SKIPPED WITH THE PAPER AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND HER!
CHIEF OF F.B.I.
ALTHOUGH FINDING HER ISN'T SO HARD TO TAKE! SHE SURE IS A HONEY!


LATER
WHH··· WHOO
NOW, MEN, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO KEEP THIS CASE A DEEP, DARK SECRET. THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE IS THIS PICTURE OF THE SECRETARY, EDNA MARTIN, AND WE MUST LOCATE HER···PRONTO! SO LET'S GET STARTED!
UNDER RAWSON'S DIRECTION THE SEARCH GETS UNDERWAY··
BRING HER AROUND WHEN YOU FIND HER!
SHUCKS!
NO LUCK, HUH? WELL···· KEEP PLUGGING!
♫ WON'T I DO? ♫
THIS IS THE BEST ASSIGNMENT I EVER HAD!
A FEW DAYS LATER....
WHATTA LIFE···· THAT GAL'S DISAPPEARED AS THOUGH THE EARTH HAD SWALLOWED HER
CHIEF! CHIEF! WE'VE FOUND HER!
I THINK THERE'S A LOT OF TOUGH SLEDDING AHEAD OF US···· THAT GAL'S PLENTY CAGEY!
YEAH··· SHE'S LIVING IN A LITTLE TOWN ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM HERE, A PLACE CALLED LANEVILLE!
SWELL WORK··· NOW LET'S GET GOING··· AND SEE WHAT'S COOKING UP THERE!

ZEN ARRIVES IN LANEVILLE AND LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER



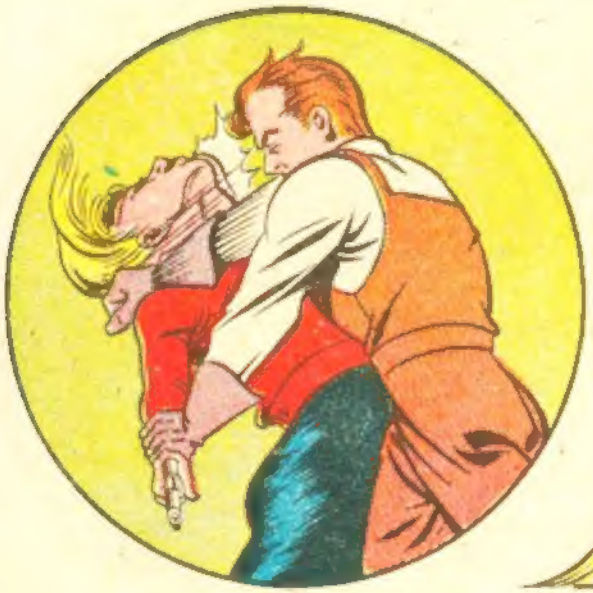

NOW WE'RE FIRST GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE! WE HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON THAT GIRL·· SHE QUIT HER JOB WHEN THE PAPER WAS STOLEN AND TOOK OFF SO WHAT?! WE STILL HAVE TO FIND THE PAPER!
GOT ANY IDEAS, CHIEF ?



THE NEXT MORNING....
OKAY, THIS IS THE PLACE LET'S GET OUT, BOYS!
GET BUSY, BOYS··PUT UP THE "MEN AT WORK" SIGN, AND FOR PETE'S SAKE ··LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'RE WORKING. JACK, YOU COME WITH ME!
OKAY CHIEF!
ARE YOU ALL SET, JACK?
YEAH, WHEN YOU TAKE OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, I'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!
HERE GOES NOTHING! I SURE HOPE THAT THIS PLAN WORKS OUT OKAY
RRING
WHAD'YA WANT, BUD?
I'M FROM THE PHONE COMPANY. WE'RE CHECKING ALL CABLES IN THIS VICINITY!
OKAY, OKAY! COME IN!
THANKS!
4

LOOK, BABY··· THAT GUY'LL PAY PLENTY TO GET THE PAPER BACK
YEAH··· AND HE ISN'T GETTING IT UNTIL HE PAYS!
THIS GUY'S FROM THE PHONE COMPANY HE SAYS HE WON'T TAKE LONG
OHO··· SO THAT'S IT, BLACKMAIL··· I JUST HAVE TO FIND THAT PAPER!
THERE'S LEN GIVING THE SIGNAL!
HERE IT GOES! AND I SURE HOPE THAT THIS STUNT WORKS!
JACK'S TOSS IS GOOD AND···
THE PAPERS!
FIRE
HEY! LOOK! A SMOKE GRENADE!
WHAT? WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
5

YOU! YOU'RE A··· A···
G MAN!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR SPORTSMANSHIP NOW!
UH···OH, GOT THE DROP, HAVE YOU?
DON'T MOVE, OR I'LL BLAST YA!
CLUNK
BAM!
HIT 'EM LOW AND HARD!
OKAY, HONEY··· YOUR PALS WILL BE NICE AND QUIET FOR AWHILE. WHY DON'T YOU BE A GOOD GIRL AND TELL ME WHERE THE PAPER IS HIDDEN. IT'LL SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE. THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED.
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
THAT TOY DOESN'T BOTHER ME AT ALL··· BUT I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOMETHING!
6



HEAVENS TO BETSY! I'M NOT A GENTLEMAN-- I HIT A LADY!

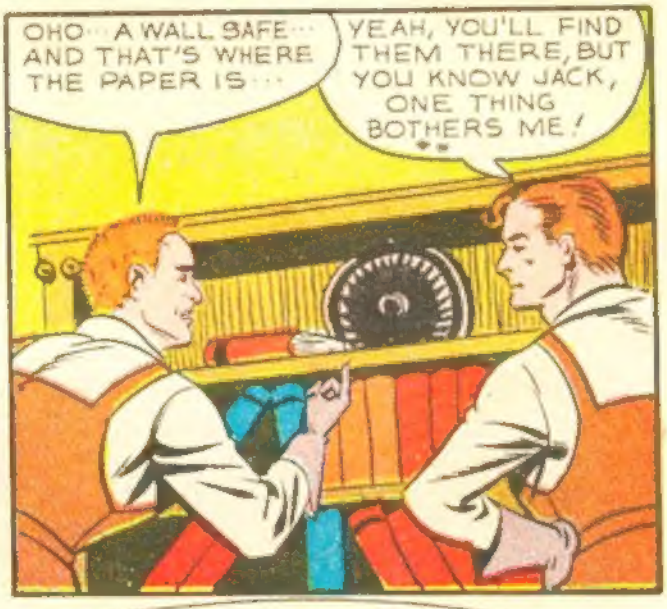
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HOLY COW, WHAT DID YOU USE, CHIEF AN ATOMIC BOMB!?

I DID IT WITH MY OWN LITTLE HANDS, AH, HERE'S WHAT I'M AFTER!

OHO... A WALL SAFE... AND THAT'S WHERE THE PAPER IS...

YEAH, YOU'LL FIND THEM THERE, BUT YOU KNOW JACK, ONE THING BOTHERS ME!



WHAT'S THAT!

I'M SORRY I HAD TO SLAP THAT GIRL DOWN, AND I SURE WISH THAT SHE WASN'T A CROOK! SHE'S MIGHTY CUTE!

BUT BELIEVE YOU ME... I'D RATHER LOOK INTO A PRETTY GIRL'S EYES WHEN SHE ISN'T HOLDING A GUN!

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Appear Slimmer Instantly!

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113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush my TUMMY-FLATTENER in PLAIN WRAPPER ON APPROVAL by Return Mail. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not thrilled and delighted with results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price. (Sizes 37 and up $3.98. Extra crotch pieces 50¢ each)

Waist measure _____
[ ] I enclose $2.98 (extra large sizes 37 and up $3.98). You pay postage.

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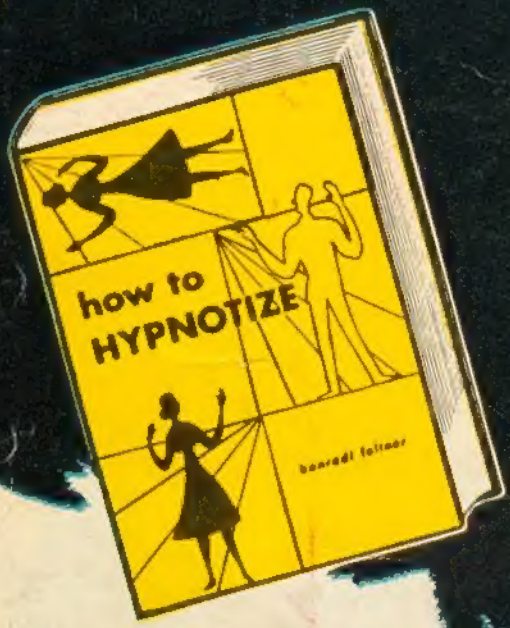
HOW TO HYPNOTIZE



IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

when you know how!

WANT the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying.

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